

Whispers of Nature

How can one know how far they will run  
If they halt at the hill?  
And let their fears catch up  
As their feet slow to a still;  
A tree will never kiss the clouds  
If it's roots lay cold and bare,  
Exposed to the aching cold  
This world has to spare.  
The wind will never blow as cold  
If the sun never sets;  
It is not possible to see in the dark  
But it is possible to adapt.  
A flesh wound may hurt  
But soon it will heal,  
Turn into a hollow scar  
Has it lost its appeal?  
What colors coat the ocean floor  
Are sights we may never know.  
The whisper of nature  
Tempt even cowards to go;  
Dancing in the moonlight  
Innocent as a star;  
Even those who live in pain  
Can forget their broken hearts.  
Singing the songs of birds  
So flawless and free;  
The arrogance of men disguises  
Those songs were meant to grieve.  
As leaves fall down in their warm colors  
We celebrate the time;  
The arrogance of men disguises

How those leaves have died.  
The clouds start to shed their tears  
We dance in the rain;  
The arrogance of men disguises  
How those clouds are in pain.  
We sing the language of nature  
And pretend it is our own,  
We take what was never ours  
So we can stay afloat.  
Only a rare specimen  
Can hear the tree's pained prayer:  
Take warning or take flight  
Can you hear the whisper of nature?

Fairy Winged Child

Dancing in the meadows, I was raised in born and bred;  
Running from butterflies as delusions fill my head.

O to be a fairy winged child

So I could run away

From my pain and tears I must face everyday.

Singing out loud as I dance under the waves;

And run barefoot on the clouds as they rain.

O to be a fairy winged child

All I can do is pray

That I may soon be as happy as I am in my daze.

Keep whatever promises you have yet to break;

Let me live through the stories I create.

Let me live in this land of a faraway dream;

Let me live in a world you nor I can see.

O to be a fairy winged child

Please do not delay

Take me to the land where the children do play.

Blue Wall

The birds sing their songs and I wonder yet again  
Just how far I'd have to run to escape the life I live;  
Staring out a window letting time make every call  
I listen to the moonlight from within my shallow blue wall.

Breathing as a ghost would dare, barely audible.  
My soul similar to murky waters and those that lurk below;  
Staring in the reflection of my window I call home.  
The blue wall I sit by safe and sound is all I've ever known.

Waiting for the sun to rise - waiting in the dark,  
The crickets' cries and wanting eyes can't tempt my hollow heart.  
Bloodshot eyes that stare right back every hour of the day,  
So I sit so lonesome by the blue wall as I weep with the rain.

Watching as time moves on, gently taking its toll;  
The babies I once watched wail are buried, dead and old.  
Singing songs in long lost tongues I can only whisper now  
My memory lives on in my blue wall where the lost are never found.

Existing

Lie down in a cot of lies, lying to myself;  
Accused of witchcraft for feeling what I never felt.  
Burned at the stake but I danced in the flames  
And laughed at the unnerved men who thought the lion was tame.  
Decorated in ropes and my joyous long lost tears,  
You think I have been caught but the dead should not interfere.  
Submerged in darkness, innocent, I am the pray;  
But the wicked should know better than to leave the hurt unnamed.

Stranger

I hear a knocking at the door,  
I close in cautiously;  
I open then no more  
Of the scratching melody.  
I see a shadow in the woods,  
I follow cold and bare;  
The wind notice my every detour:  
Here and then and there.  
I look out to the void  
Where the prints do stop;  
The sight is devoid  
Of the stranger I sought:  
A man I have never met,  
A man I will never know,  
A stranger that I chase  
Nothing but a shadow.

I sit down by the lakes,  
Where the poets come to write;  
As seconds turn into days  
Every mortal man shall die.  
I see a shimmer in the water,  
I jump in without a thought;  
I tread absent of falter  
Until I see what I sought.  
I breathe in the salt air,  
And the water and the smoke;  
I see a face and I stare  
At the face of a ghost:  
A man I have never met,  
A man I will never know,

A stranger that I chase  
Nothing but the wind that blows.

I stare into the fire,  
And the letter I addressed  
To the flames that dare burn higher,  
Burning the abyss.  
I see a slight movement  
From the corner of my eye;  
I try to contain it,  
But it is gone before I try.  
The rocks paint my legs dark red  
As I fall in my pursuit;  
I am laid down in my bed  
By hands I once knew:  
A man I have never met,  
A man I will never know,  
A stranger that I chase  
Nothing but the fire's glow.

I glance in the mirror  
And have pity on the girl  
Who looked back at her;  
She bears the marks of the world.  
I move my hand in the dark,  
She follows suit;  
I stare at the lips that part,  
And try but I am mute.  
I stare at the alien eyes  
That stare back at me;  
The lies I have lied,  
The young I have schemed.  
A girl I have never met,

But a girl I do know

I do not recognize myself

I am a stranger and a ghost.